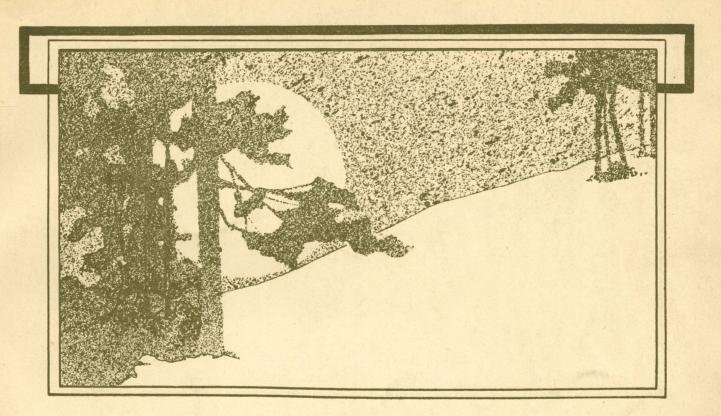
Emma T. Maybew 20



Candle Lightin' Time

Words by

Paul Laurance Dunbar

Music by

S. Coleridge-Taylor

High Voice 6

Low Voice

The John Church Company

Cincinnati New York Chicago Leipsic London



Mare to go had no had added to be a lost of the lost o



Kiver up yo' haid my little lady,

Hyeah de win' a blowin' out o' do's,

Don' you kick, or projick wid de comfo't,

Less'n fros' 'll bite yo' little toes.

Shut yo' eyes an' snuggle up to mammy,

Gi' me bofe yo' hands, I hol' 'em tight;

Don' yo' be afraid, an' 'mence to trimble

Des ez soon ez I blows out de light.

Angels is a mindin' you my little baby,
Keepin' off de Bad Man in the night.
Whut the use ob bein' skeer'd o' nuffin?
You don' fink de darkness gwine to bite.
Whut de crackin' soun' you hyeah erroun' you?
Lawsy, chile, you tickles me to def!
Dat's de man what brings de fros' a paintin'
Picters on der winder wid his bref.

Mammy ain' afeard, you hyeah huh laffin'?
Go'way Mistah Fros,' you can't come in;
Baby aint erceivin' folks dis evenin',
Reckon dat you'll have to call again.
Curl yo' little toes up so, my possum,
Umph, but you's a cunnin' one fo' true!
Go to sleep, de angels is a watchin'
An' yo' mammy's mindin' of you, too.
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Musical Company of Company





Candle Lightin' Time

S. COLERIDGE - TAYLOR



Copyright, MCMXI, by The John Church Company International Copyright





16499-6











1

VASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ST. LOUIS - MO. A SAMAGA